

The New Arabian Nights

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The RAJAH'S DIAMOND

PART III

Story of the House With the Green Blinds

FRANCIS SCRYMGOUR, a clerk in the Bank of Scotland at Edinburgh, had attained the age of twenty-five in a sphere of quiet, creditable and domestic life. His mother died while he was young, but his father, a man of sense and probity, had given him an excellent education at school and brought him up at home to orderly and frugal habits. Francis, who was of a docile and affectionate disposition, profited by these advantages with zeal, and devoted himself heart and soul to his employment. A walk upon Saturday afternoon, an occasional dinner with members of his family and a yearly tour of a fortnight in the highlands or even on the continent of Europe were his principal distractions, and he grew rapidly in favor with his superiors and enjoyed already a salary of nearly £200 a year, with the prospect of an ultimate advance to almost double that amount. Few young men were more contented, few more willing and laborious than Francis Scrymgour. Sometimes at night, when he had read the daily paper, he would play upon the flute to amuse his father, for whose qualities he entertained a great respect.

One day he received a note from a well known firm of writers to the effect requesting the favor of an immediate interview with him. The letter was marked "Private and Confidential."



HE NOISELESSLY TOOK HIS PLACE BEHIND THE COUPLE.

He had been addressed to him at the bank instead of at home, two unusual circumstances which made him obey the summons with the more alacrity. The senior member of the firm, a man of much austerity of manner, made him gravely welcome, requested him to take a seat and proceeded to explain the matter in hand in the picked expressions of a veteran man of business. A person, who must remain nameless, but of whom the lawyer had every reason to think well—a man, in short, of some station in the country—desired to make Francis an annual allowance of £500. The capital was to be placed under the control of the lawyer's firm and two trustees, who must also remain anonymous. There were conditions annexed to this liberality, but he was of opinion that his new client would find nothing either excessive or dishonorable in the terms, and he repeated these two

words with emphasis, as though he desired to commit himself to nothing more.

Francis asked their nature. "The conditions," said the writer to the effect, "are, as I have twice remarked, neither dishonorable nor excessive. At the same time I cannot conceal from you that they are most unusual. Indeed the whole case is very much out of our way, and I should certainly have refused it had it not been for the reputation of the gentleman who interested it to my care and let me add, Mr. Scrymgour, the interest I have been led to take in yourself by many commendatory and I have no doubt, well deserved reports."

Francis consented him to be more

most unworthy fraud. The circumstances are inexplicable—I had almost said incredible—and until I see a little more daylight and some plausible motive I confess I should be very sorry to put a hand to the transaction. I appeal to you in this difficulty for information. I must learn what is at the bottom of it all. If you do not know, cannot guess or are not at liberty to tell me, I shall take my hat and go back to my bank as I came."

"I do not know," answered the lawyer, "but I have an excellent guess. Your father, and no one else, is at the root of this apparently unnatural business."

"My father?" cried Francis in extreme disdain. "Worthy man, I know every thought of his mind, every penny of his fortune."

"You misinterpret my words," said the lawyer. "I do not refer to Mr. Scrymgour, Sr., for he is not your father. When he and his wife came to Edinburgh, you were already nearly one year old, and you had not yet been three months in their care. The secret has been well kept, but such is the fact. Your father is unknown, and I say again that I believe him to be the original of the offers I am at present charged to transmit to you."

It would be impossible to exaggerate the astonishment of Francis Scrymgour at this unexpected information. He pleaded this confusion to the lawyer.

"Sir," said he, "after a piece of news so startling you must grant me some hours for thought. You shall know this evening what conclusion I have reached."

The lawyer commended his prudence, and Francis, excusing himself upon

some pretext at the bank, took a long walk into the country and fully considered the different steps and aspects of the case. A pleasant sense of his own importance rendered him the more deliberative, but the issue was from the first not doubtful. His whole career had been irresistibly toward the £500 a year and the strange conditions with which it was burdened. He discovered in his heart an inviolable repugnance to the name of Scrymgour, which he had never hitherto disliked; he began to despise the narrow and unromantic interests of his former life, and when once his mind was fairly made up he walked with a new feeling of strength and freedom and nourished himself with the gayest anticipations.

He said but a word to the lawyer and immediately received a check for two quarters' arrears, for the allowance was antedated from the 1st of January. With this in his pocket he walked home. The fat in his pocket street looked mean in his eyes; his nostrils, for the first time, rebelled against the odor of broth, and he observed little defects of manner in his adoptive father which filled him with surprise and almost with disgust. The next day, he determined, should see him on his way to Paris.

In that city, where he arrived long before the appointed date, he put up at a modest hotel frequented by English and Italians and devoted himself to improvement in the French tongue. For this purpose he had a master twice a week, entered into conversation with loafers in the Champs Elysees and nightly frequented the theater. He had his whole toilet fashionably renewed and was shaved and had his hair dressed every morning by a barber in a neighboring street. This gave him something of a foreign air and seemed to wipe off the reproach of his past years. At length, on the Saturday afternoon, he betook himself to the box office of the theater in the Rue Richelieu. No sooner had he mentioned his name than the clerk produced the order in an envelope of which the address was scarcely dry.

"It has been taken this moment," said the clerk.

"Indeed?" said Francis. "May I ask what the gentleman was like?"

"Your friend is easy to describe," replied the official. "He is old and strong and beautiful, with white hair and a saber cut across his face. You cannot fail to recognize so marked a person."

"No, indeed," returned Francis, "and I thank you for your politeness."

"He cannot yet be far distant," added the clerk. "If you make haste, you might still overtake him."

Francis did not wait to be twice told. He ran precipitately from the theater into the middle of the street and looked in all directions. More than one white haired man was within sight; but, though he overlooked each of them in succession, all wanted the saber cut. For nearly half an hour he tried one street after another in the neighborhood, until at length, recognizing the folly of continual search, he started on a walk to compose his agitated feelings, for this proximity of an encounter with him to whom he could not doubt be owed the day had profoundly moved the young man.

It chanced that his way led up the Rue Drozier and thence up the Rue des Martyrs, and chance in this case served him better than all the forethought in the world, for on the outer boulevard he saw two men in earnest colloquy upon a seat. One was dark, young and handsome, secularly dressed, but with an indolent clerical stamp. The other answered in every particular to the description given him by the clerk. Francis felt his heart beat high in his bosom. He knew he was now about to hear the voice of his father, and, making a wide circuit, he noiselessly took his place behind the couple in question, who were too much interested in their talk to observe much else. As Francis had expected, the conversation was conducted in the English language.

"Your suspicions begin to annoy me, Rolles," said the old man. "I tell you I am doing my utmost. A man cannot lay his hand on millions in a moment. Have I not taken you up, a more stranger, out of pure good will? Are you not living largely on my bounty?"

"On your advances, Mr. Vandeleur," corrected the other.

"Advances, if you choose, and interest instead of good will, if you prefer it," returned Vandeleur angrily. "I am not here to pick expressions. Business is business, and your business, let me remind you, is too muddy for such airs. Trust me or leave me alone and find some one else, but let us have an end, for God's sake, of your jeremiads."

"I am beginning to learn the world," replied the other, "and I see that you have every reason to play me false and not one to deal honestly. I am not here to pick expressions either. You wish the diamond for yourself. You know you do—you dare not deny it. Have you not already forged my name and searched my lodging in my absence. I understand the cause of your delays. You are lying in wait. You are the diamond hunter, forsooth, and sooner or later, by fair means or foul, you'll lay your hands upon it. I tell you I must stop. Push me much farther, and I promise you a surprise."

"It does not become you to use threats," returned Vandeleur. "Two can play at that. My brother is here in Paris, the police are on the alert, and if you persist in wearing me with your outwearing I will arrange a little astonishment for you, Mr. Rolles. But mine shall be once and for all. Do you understand, or would you prefer me to tell you in Hebrew? There is an end to all things, and you have come to the end of my patience. Tuesday, at 7, not a day, not an hour, sooner, not the least part of a second, if it were to save your life. And if you do not choose to wait, you may go to the bottomless pit for me and welcome."

And so saying the dictator arose from the bench and marched off in the direction of Montmartre, shaking his head and swinging his cane with a most furious air, while his companion remained where he was in an attitude of great dejection.

Francis was at the peak of surprise and his heart had been in a state of shock. He had been

his place upon the bench was transformed into a scene of confusion. Old Mr. Scrymgour, he reflected, was a more shrewd and calculating person than his diamonds and violent intrigues. But he retained his presence of mind and suffered not a moment to slip, for he was on the trail of the dictator.

The gentleman's fury carried him forward at a brisk pace, and he was as completely absorbed in his angry thoughts that he never so much as cast a look behind him until he reached his own door.

His house stood high up in the Rue Legue, commanding a view of all Paris and enjoying the pure air of the heights. It was two stories high, with green blinds and shutters, and all the windows looked out on the street were hermetically closed. Tops of trees showed over the high garden wall, and the man was protected by chevaux de frise. The dictator passed a moment while he scanned his pocket for a key, and then upon the gate disappeared within the house.

Francis looked about him. The neighborhood was very lonely, the house stood in its garden. It seemed as if the vigilance must have come to an abrupt end. A second glance, however, showed him a tall house next door presenting a grille to the garden and in this grille a single window. He passed to the front and saw a ticket office enlivened by the light of the moon, and on inquiry the room which commanded the dictator's garden proved to be one of those to let. Francis did not hesitate a moment. He took the key, paid an advance upon the rent and returned to his hotel to seek his lodging.

The old man with the saber cut might or might not be his father; he might or might not be upon the true scent, but he was certainly on the edge of an exciting mystery, and he promised himself that he would not relax his observation until he had got to the bottom of the secret.

From the window of his new apartment Francis Scrymgour commanded a complete view into the garden of the house with the green blinds. Immediately below him a very comely chestnut with wide branches sheltered a pair of rustic tables where people might dine in the light of summer. On all sides save one a dense vegetation concealed the garden, and between the tables and the house, he saw a patch of gravel leading from the veranda to the garden gate. Studying the place from between the boards of the yewen shutters, which he durst not open for fear of attracting attention, Francis observed little to indicate the manners of the inhabitants, and that little argued a more than a close reserve and a taste for solitude. The garden was somewhat the house had the air of a prison. The green blinds were all drawn down upon the outside; the door into the veranda was closed; the garden as far as he could see it, was left entirely to itself in the evening sunshine. A modest curl of smoke from a single chimney alone testified to the presence of living people.

Important that he might not be entirely idle and to give a certain color to his way of life Francis had purchased a Euclid geometry in French, which he set himself to copy and translate on the top of his portmanteau and seated on the floor against the wall, for he was equally without a chair or table. Four times a day he would rise and cast a glance into the enclosure of the house with the green blinds, but the windows remained obstinately closed and the garden empty.

Only late in the evening did anything occur toward his continual attention. Between 9 and 10 the sharp tinkle of a bell aroused him from a fit of dozing, and he sprang to his observatory. In time to hear an important noise of locks being opened and bars removed and to see Mr. Vandeleur, carrying a lantern and clothed in a flowing robe of black velvet with a skillful match, issue from under the veranda and proceed leisurely toward the garden gate. The sound of bolts and bars was then repeated, and a moment after Francis perceived the dictator escorting into the house in the mobile light of the lantern an individual of the lowest and most despicable appearance.

Half an hour afterward the visitor was reconnected to the street, and Mr. Vandeleur, setting his light upon one of the rustic tables, finished a cigar with great deliberation under the foliage of the chestnut. Francis, peering through a clear space among the leaves, was able to follow his gestures as he threw away the ash or enjoyed a copious inhalation and beheld a cloud upon the old man's brow and a forcible action of the lips, which testified to some deep and probably painful train of thought. The cigar was already almost at an end when the voice of a young girl was heard suddenly crying from the interior of the house.

"In a moment," replied John Vandeleur.

And with that he threw away the

lamp and, taking up the lantern,

slid away under the veranda for the

night. As soon as the door was closed

absolute darkness fell upon the house.

Francis might try his eyesight as much

as he pleased, he could not detect so

much as a single glint of light below a

blind, and he concluded, with great

good sense, that the bedchambers were

all up to the other side.

Early the next morning (for he was

very awake after an uncomfortable

night upon the floor) he saw cause to

admit a different explanation. The

blinds, one after another, by means

of a spring in the interior and disclosed

steel shutters such as we see on the

front of shops. These in their turn

were rolled up by a similar contrivance,

and the space of about an hour the

chambers were left open to the morning

air. At the end of that time Mr. Van-

deleu, with his own hand once more

closed the shutters and replaced the

blind from within.

While Francis was still marveling at

these precautions the door opened and

a young girl came forth to look about

her in the garden. It was not two

minutes before she reentered the house.

Even in that short time she saw

cause to convince him that she was

not the most unusual attractions.

Curiosity was not only highly ex-

citement of his mind, and he was

more than ever convinced that the

man was an English gentleman of

eccentricity in his tastes and

possessed great collections of

which he kept in the house beside

and it was to protect these that

the place with steel shutters

fastenings and chevaux de frise

along the garden wall. He lived

in spite of some strange

with whom it seemed he had

transacted, and there was no

in the house except madmen

and an old woman servant.

"Is mademoiselle his daughter?" in-

quired Francis.

"Certainly," replied the porter. "Ma-

demoiselle is the daughter of the house,

and strange it is to see how she made

to work. For all his riches, she is

who goes to market and every day in

the week you may see her going by

with a basket on her arm."

"And the collections?" asked the other.

"Sir," said the man, "they are im-

mensely valuable. More I cannot tell

you. Since M. de Vandeleur's arrival

no one in the quarter has much as

passed the door."

"Suppose not," returned Francis.

"You must already have some notion

what these famous galleries contain.

Is it pictures, statues, jewels or

what?"

"My faith, sir," said the fellow, with

a shrug, "it might be curious and will

I could not tell you. How should I

know? The house is kept like a garri-

son, as you perceive."

And then as Francis was returning

disappointed to his room the porter

called him back.

"I have just remembered," he said

he. "M. de Vandeleur has been in all

parts of the world, and I once heard

the old woman declare that he had

brought many diamonds back with

him. If that be the truth, there must

be a fine show behind these shutters."

By an early hour on Sunday Francis

was in his place at the theater. The

seat which had been taken for him was

only two or three numbers from the

left hand side and directly opposite one

of the lower boxes. As the seat had

been specially chosen there was doubt-

less something to be learned from its

position, and he judged by an instinct

that the box upon the right was, in

some way or other, to be connected

with the drama which he was about

played a part. Indeed it was so situ-

ated that its occupants could safely

observe him from beginning to end of

the piece, if they were so minded,

while, profiting by the depth, they

could screen themselves sufficiently

well from any counter examination on

his side. He promised himself not to

leave it for a moment out of sight, and

while he scanned the rest of the theater

or made a study of attending to the

business of the stage he always kept

a corner of an eye upon the couple box.

The second act had been some time

in progress and was even drawing to-

ward a close when the door opened and

two persons entered and embraced

themselves in the kindest of the smile.

Francis could hardly control his emo-

tion. It was Mr. Vandeleur and his

daughter. The good came and went

in his arteries and veins with stunning

activity; his ears rang; his head turned.

He dared not look lest he should awake

suspicion. His eyeballs, while he kept

reading from left to right and over

again, turned from white to red before

his eyes, and when he cast a glance

upon the stage he seemed involuntarily

far away, and he found the roles and

gestures of the actors to the last de-

gree impertinent and absurd.

From time to time he risked a mo-

mentary look in the direction which

principally interested him, and once at

least he felt certain that his eyes en-

countered those of the young girl.

A shock passed over his body, and he

saw all the colors of the rainbow.

What would he not have given to hear

what passed between the Vandeleurs?

What would he not have given for

the courage to take up his opera

glass and steadily inspect their attitude

and expression? There for aught he

knew, his whole life was being de-

ecided, and he not able to interfere, but

even able to follow the debate, but con-

demned to sit and suffer where it was

in impotent anxiety.

At last the act came to an end. The

curtain fell, and the people around him

began to leave their places for the inter-

val. It was only natural that he should

follow their example, and if he did so

it was not only natural, but necessary,

that he should pass immediately in

front of the box in question. Summon-

ing all his courage, but keeping his eyes

lowered, Francis drew near the spot.

His progress was slow, for the old gen-

tleman before him, moved with incredi-

ble deliberation, starting as he went.

What was he to do? Should he ad-

dress the Vandeleurs by name as he

went by? Should he take the flower

CAN SLEEP ALL NIGHT NOW.

WHAT A BLESSING TO BE ABLE TO.

"For a long time I was obliged to get up several times during the night. I suffered so severely from Kidney and Bladder Troubles, that I could not sleep. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was recommended to me for this terrible distressing disease. I took it but a short time and found almost immediate relief. Instead of getting up a number of times I can now sleep all night."

GEORGE STEVENS.

Co. 1, National Soldiers Home, Va.

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Special Bargains!

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Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in America and domestic fabrics, at 10 per cent. less than our regular prices. This is an order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We will make the making-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

134 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

GOLDBERG'S

Diatase Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best of the most nutritious form of MALT, containing large percentage of diastase and extract of malt together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to the digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrins and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat. It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or indigestion), Nervous Exhaustion, Anemia, Malnutrition, etc. To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplies sugar and phosphate to the milk, which the infant is nourished. In sleeplessness it causes quiet and restful sleep. DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the physician. It may be used with water and sweetened to suit the children in proportion to age. Sold by W. W. SHERMAN, 18 and 20 Kinsey's Alley, Newport, R. I.

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ALL PERSONS, desirous of having their water introduced into their residence or business, should make application to the Waterworks, Marlboro street, near Thames.

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Has been used in this State for many years and has given perfect satisfaction. It is impervious to water or weather. It is used. Stops all leaks.

Condensed Roofs Put in Perfect Condition and warranted for Three Years. References Given.

Orders may be left at the Manufacturers or with

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of

TO CURE COLIC IN ONE DAY

Take laxative and Quinine Tablets. All druggists supply it. See to it that you get E. W. Groves' signature on each box.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

To Defend Atlanta

A FORTY-THREE ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

December, 1863

Copyright, 1903, by L. Kilmer.

III. Confederate Army.

was to make an attack on

Atlanta. A new

under the name of the

General Johnston, a new

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General Johnston, a new

when he was wounded, and Robert E.

Lee too. Johnston expected

to rout the Federals in that battle and

raise the siege of Richmond. He al-

ready succeeded. Three weeks later

Lee repulsed the attempt, and Mc-

Clellan abandoned the siege. But for the

wound at Fair Oaks, Johnston might

have kept back the debut of Lee in-

definitely and changed the whole course

of the war in Virginia.

Lee's first stroke, when he took up

the fight against "Little Mac" at the

gate of Richmond and to carry out a

former plan of Johnston and smash

the flank of the beleaguering army. The

Federals were astraddle of the Chick-

ahominy river, which had low banks, a

swampy border and was subject to

sudden floods. Johnston gave orders to

attack McClellan's right flank on the

very ground where, later, Lee attacked

in the battle of Gettysburg with great

success. Suddenly the heavens

opened with torrential rains, which de-

stroyed McClellan's bridges on his left

flank, thus separating the right wing

from the left. Johnston fell upon the

isolated left wing, surprising the troops

in their camps. At the close of a hard

day's fight, in which the Federals were

driven at every point, he was wound-

ed, and, as at Bull Run, when Albert

Edison Johnston fell, the assaults halted

in their tracks, and gave the enemy

time to reform and strengthen the

lines. Next day, like Grant at Bull Run,

McClellan forced the fighting and re-

covered the lost ground.

General Joseph E. Johnston was a

native of Virginia and, like Robert E.

Lee, resigned his commission in the

United States army to go with his

state. He was the same age as Lee and

had reached fifty-six when called upon

to defend Atlanta. His career in the

old army had been adventurous and

exciting from the time he left West

Point until the close of the Mexican

war. In battle with the Florida In-

dians he was severely wounded in the

head when a lieutenant just out of the

military academy. He distinguished

himself under General Scott at the

bloody battle of Cerro Gordo, and in

the storming of Chapultepec he plant-

ed with his own hands the first Ameri-

can banner unfurled above the castle

walls.

In point of rank at least Johnston

stood highest in the United States

army among the officers who re-

signed their commissions to go with

the Confederates. He was one of five

leaders honored with the full rank of

general by the Confederate govern-

ment. Finding his name fourth on the

list instead of first, as he contended

that it should be according to the law

governing the appointment of officers,

he protested against the injustice.

This protest, made in August, 1861,

soon after the battle of Bull Run, is

believed to have caused friction be-

tween him and President Davis

throughout the war.

The town of Dalton, where Johnston

found the beaten and dispirited troops

turned over to him by Bragg on the

eve of Christmas day, 1862, was a place

of no military importance and unsuit-

able for battle for troops on the defensive.

It was an accidental camp, the

Confederates having halted there on

their retreat from Mission Ridge the

25th of November, and finding that the

enemy did not pursue, the troops were

made comfortable, and at Dalton they

remained.

A broad open valley lies north of

the town, and the approaches from

Chattanooga would be favorable for

the attacking army. Johnston kept up

strong outposts at Ringold and Resaca

to hold the enemy at arm's length

and set to work to fortify Atlanta as

a base. Atlanta is 100 miles south of

Dalton, with three rivers intervening.

Johnston would have welcomed an at-

tack of equal numbers, but Grant was

not so foolhardy. He knew his man

and when ready to push things in the

spring of 1862 he Sherman at the task

with odds in his favor of two to one.

In 1862 it was the fashion to say that

Federal generals overrated the enemy.

In 1861 the leaders took good care not

to underestimate their opponents.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

the paper.

"An enthusiastic hatred is almost as

healthful as a great love."

"You're looking well. You must be

married."—Atlantic Commercial Trib-

une.

A DISPLEASING RETURN

(Continued.)

When Jack Bowen came home to the

little coast town of D. he brought in-

creased to a newly married couple,

James and Carrie Roscoe. When

Bowen had gone away on a two years'

cruise he was engaged to Carrie Nor-

ris, now James Roscoe's wife.

Bowen as soon as his ship was

docked, sauntered ashore and was

making straight for the house in which

he had left his sweetheart when he

met an acquaintance.

"Carrie's all right, I suppose?" re-

marked the sailor inquiringly.

"Oh, yes; she's very well."

"I've come back to marry her."

"You can't do that, Jack, for she's

married already."

"What?"

"She married Jim Roscoe six months

after you went away."

Instead of the pained look in Bow-

en's face one might expect in such a

case there was only one. Without a

word he turned and walked to a tav-

ern, where he poured out for himself

half a tumbler of whisky and drank it

down.

That evening when James Roscoe

went home to his wife and informed

her that her old lover had come back

she turned pale.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "I was in

...the strike of the
Jan winter was responsi-
ble for this decrease.
...reported as not being so g-

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Kindly Take Notice that Ely's Liquid Cream Balm is of great benefit to those sufferers from nasal catarrh who cannot inhale freely through the nose, will have great themselves by spraying. Liquid Cream Balm differs in form, but not medicinally from the Cream Balm that has stood for years at the head of remedies for catarrh. It may be used in any nasal atomizer. The price, including a spraying tube, is 75 cents. Sold by druggists and mailed by Ely Brothers, 54 Warren Street, New York.

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Colic, or the Stomach, the Liver, the
ation, and gives tone and energy to the whole
system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup"
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Their great action and good effect on the system
readily make them a perfect little pill. They
please those who use them. Carter's Little
Liver Pill may well be termed "Perfection."

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society cost \$50 a piece.

There are many forms of nervous disorder in men
that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills.
Those who are troubled with nervous weak-
ness, night sweats, etc., should try them.

The profit to the government on penic-
ins paid the entire expense of the mint.

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burn, indigestion, dyspepsia, &c. If these
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Derangement of the Liver, with constipation, in-
duces the complexion, indigestion, swollen
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A plague of white ants is scouring the
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in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents

What would you do the next time you have a hard cold if you couldn't get Ayer's Cherry Pectoral? Think it over.

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